Hartford Republican

FRIDAY, AUGUST 18, 1893

A TEXAS NORTHER.

We were riding along the middle fork of the Concho, Lieutenant Ward of the Tenth cavalry, Caswell, chief clerk at the post sutler's, and myself. We had been out after antelope without success and late in the afternoon found ourselves some 20 miles from Fort Concho, men and mounts tired with a day's pounding over the plains. Private Bilkins, whom the lieutenant had taken along to spread our noonday lunch and lead the pack horse, rode at the rear, his big gray following with the faithfulness of a troop horse, while the pack animal bore no heavier a burden than a pair of jack rabbits which Caswell had ignominiously potted.

A blast of air, so cold that it seemed to almost freeze one's blood, rushed over us just as the sun was hidden on the horizon by the advancing cloud. A band of cattle, 200 or more in compact mass, plunged madly past, their heads near the ground and their long horns shining in the glow of the false twilight. Crash, through the underbrush, splash, through the stream, and then wildly on toward the southward tore the cattle.

Over a swell of the plains came other herds all running like race horses. Antelope, whose fleet feet and farreaching vision had been their own protection and the cause of our failure all the day, skimmed the ground, their white tails bobbing with their nimble bounds. To the southward, always to the southward fled the creatures of the plains as if in flight lay safety from the blast, as if flesh and blood could outspeed the ice wind.

"She's coming!" exclaimed the lieutenant. Inelegant, perhaps, but save in its unwarranted designation of a meteorological gender entirely truthful. Turning our horses sharply to the right and restraining at the beginning their symtoms of a desire to bolt, we rode into the thickest of the timber and then eastward at a gallop which lacked little of a lively run. Colder blew the north wind. Blast driven drops of rain began to slap our cheeks with their stinging picket warnings that the storm was nearly upon us, and we were anxiously looking for some embankment along the stream which would partially shelter us under its lee when Bilkins wantonly broke the rules and regulations of the service by treating his superior officer in a most flippant and unmilitary manner. His big gray bounded by, the packhorse keeping noble time to giant leaps. "Come on," yelled Bilkins. "There's a house"——

He doubtless added something more, but his words, like the cattle, went to the southward. We overtook Bilkins in 50 yards and in 50 more ended a wild race to a miserable shanty which the sharp eyes of the soldier had seen.

Before we could dismount half a dozen men came out, and the cheery voice of Captain Hall was heard: "Just in time, lieutenant! Boys, help the gentlemen with their horses."

Five minutes later the animals were safe in a corral near the shanty, from which they could not escape during the storm, and we were in the house, where Captain Hall and a detail of state rangers had taken refuge. A fire was soon roaring in the old fireplace, for the fierce wind without caused a magnificent draft.

Darkness and the storm. Men rolled in saddle blankets and sleeping on the dirt floor. The dreary drip of drops which came through the leaking roof. And the roar added to the blast, and the ground trembles as a herd of bellowing cattle thunders past.

"What a night and what a storm!" said Captain Hall. "I pity any cowboy who is caught out tonight. No man could live through such a norther unless he was muffled like an Eskimo."

We didn't know it then, but later we learned that all alone a woman was riding through the night, while we huddled in the shanty. The bitter wind, rain which froze where it fell, even death in the darkness, were defied by a love which bore a woman to warn as worthless a scoundrel as lived in Texas.

A long time Captain Hall gazed at the fire, his big eyes looking bigger in the blaze. Very innocent eyes were his, mild and liquid like a maiden's. This leader of the rangers, captain of a daring band of reckless riders whose mission was the capture of desperate outlaws, had the face of a poet and the eyes of a schoolgirl. At length he said, unconsciously using the local vernacular:

"You all better see this thing out. We are after a man who is wanted for some score of crimes, big and little. Life at Fort Concho must be rather dreary. Get up, guard, mount, drill, the sunset gun, taps, go to bed. Isn't that about the routine? Come with us in the morning and see us catch Jack Brown. He's at a ranch some four miles from Johnson station and about eight miles from here. We'll surround the ranchhouse as soon as it's light, and if there's any shooting you can watch it from the timber. Then we'll all go back to the fort together. We'll have breakfast at the ranch, and that will be worth staying over for. See us capture Brown and get your breakfast."

"You forget I am a soldier," replied Lieutenant Ward, somewhat nettled, "and would hardly hide behind a tree while a dozen men captured a single outlaw."

"Pshaw," said Captain Hall. "It isn't in the line of your duty to expose yourself to the bullets of any cattle thief the rangers may arrest. I don't suppose there will be any resistance, but I never could forgive myself if any of you gentlemen came to harm. I reckon I was thinking as much of your breakfast as of our own mission. It's a long ride to the fort on an empty stomach."

I remembered this Jack Brown as a long haired, ignorant product of the mesquite; a drunken loafer, a cheap gambler and a swaggering bully, but really dangerous; a man who was ready to shoot on small provocation and proud of his reputation as a second class desperado. While Captain Hall was talking I had a vision of a swarthy, black haired man dressed like a cowboy, who was slapping the face of a Mexican girl. The girl was crouching against the adobe wall of Morris' dance hall at San Angelo and offering no resistance to his blows, but only cried, "Oh, Jack! Jack!" A dozen men stood near, but none offered to interfere. I remembered that I actually started for the pair, intending in some vague way to protest, but ere I reached them the man entered the dance hall. Five minutes afterward the girl was paying for his liquor at the bar, and I was congratulating myself that I had escaped from perpetrating one of the most foolish acts of my life.

The girl was known as "Press," a half caste Mexican creature, who gave Brown the larger share of her earnings, bore his blows with meekness and would have driven a stiletto into the man who conquered him in an encounter. But Hall was saying:

"We learned at San Angelo yesterday that Brown was at the cattle ranch. Sergeant Watson got quite thick with the girl Press, but she knew nothing about Brown or pretended ignorance. We intended to reach the ranch at sunset, but the norther stopped us.

"That girl Press is devoted to Brown and would raise money some way to bribe a Mexican to warn him, but money would not hire a Mexican, or any other man, to face this norther, so there is no danger that he will be on guard. He cannot escape unless he was caught out on the range in the storm and is now at some other ranch."

There was only a faint glow in the east when we mounted our horses next morning. The norther had spent its fury, and the promise of a pleasant day was borne on the soft winds of the south. Only a faint tremor, a lingering chill in the early air, as if the trees and grass were shaking off the coldness of the night. A sharp ride to the westward, and just as the scarlet banners of the sun was seen in the horizon we drew rein in the wood some hundred yards from the house where Jack Brown was supposed to be hiding. The ranchhouse was a wretched thing constructed of upright poles, the cracks being filled with mud. At the rear a shed with a sloping roof. The house had been built within a few feet of the stream where the bank was some 12 feet high. A door in the front room opened to the southward; one in the shed to the north.

Like Indians surrounding the cabin of the settler, the rangers stationed themselves in the form of a horseshoe around the house, the "points," or "heels" of the shoe resting on the bank of the stream when the rear door could be commanded by a cross fire. I confess I felt, as I watched these preparations, very much as I imagine a robber must feel while he reconnoiters a dwelling when intent upon some unlawful undertaking. Everything was ready. Captain Hall, Lieutenant Ward, Caswell and four rangers rode to the front of the house and stopped some hundred feet from the door. Then, for the first time, we saw a horse tied to a post near the doorway. Steam was rising from its sides; low drooping head and hollow flanks showed that the brute had been ridden long and hard.

"One of the men has just got home," whispered Captain Hall as he dismounted. Accompanied by three of the rangers, while the fourth held the horses, he walked to the door.

"Hello!" was the response to his knock. A short parley, a demand for admittance, a profane reply and then the sharp report of a rifle. One of the rangers turned his back toward the house, took one step and fell heavily on his face. Crash! A dozen winchesters sent a dozen bullets into the house. Some struck the poles, but a few found their way through the mud mended cracks. No order to seek shelter of a tree was needed now. In two minutes Lieutenant Ward and Caswell had added their rifles to the fire, and after it was all over I found that the magazine of my own winchester was empty.

The passion of a man hunt conquers, as it always will until in the evolution of time the intoxication of battle is outbred from human nature. I don't know how long we fired or how long the answering shots came from the shanty, but suddenly the door was flung inward, and a man stepped boldly out.

An instant the rifles cooled. I saw Jack Brown's gaudy sombrero, its wide rim and massive crown glistening with silver ornaments. Black hair hanging to the shoulders, the leather "chaps" of a cowboy, and then—straight outward shot two arms, gleaming black eyes sighted two heavy colts, and at their report a ranger dropped his rifle because a bullet had shattered an arm. Then a volley.

The broad hat slipped downward over the black eyes, straight up in the air two pistols sent their harmless lead and to the ground in a heap sank the body.

The rangers on guard at the rear ran toward the front when their ears told them the outlaw had braved his fate. We gathered around the fallen man, all honoring in our hearts the hopeless daring of his death, and Captain Hall lifted the sombrero from his face.

"The devil!" he yelled. "Run to the rear, boys!"

Too late! Idle to beat the bush. Useless a hasty hunt through the timber. Long afterward we knew that from the limb of an oak, around which a wild grapevine had woven its dense foliage, Jack Brown saw a sight which would have redeemed a being worth, in the broad economy of eternal time, the trouble of redemption.

Love had faced that awful storm. Love had done its best to bring a warning. Love laid down its life that a miserable and worse than worthless man might spring out of a door, plunge over an embankment and hide in a tree.

As tenderly as if her life had been all purity and her soul all untouched by sin we bore her body to the fort, and the next day, decently dressed in the garments of her sex, the body of Press was consigned to an unmarked grave on a barren hill not many yards from the spot where Brown used to beat her.

And no larger funeral had been seen on the frontier.—C. W. Hunter in Short Stories.

Driven Away—A Chicago Romance.

"Behold me now!"

As he stood before her, with bowed head and in disheveled clothing, the lady of the house knew at once that the tired stranger had met with some keen and bitter disappointment.

"Yes, madam," he continued, "behold me now. Once the most popular and respected conductor on my road, today I am homeless, an outcast from my own threshold. In years of constant toil I accumulated a modest property, and locating in one of the most respectable parts of Chicago I built me a little home, where I hoped, with the flock I had gathered around me, to end my days in peace. And now I am turned away from my own doors, a hopeless wanderer. There is no longer any room for me under my own roof. Madam, they came, and I was obliged to go."

"Who came?" queried the kind lady, brushing away a tear that was coursing down his travel stained cheek.

The tired traveler replied as his emaciated frame shook with emotion, "Alas, madam, my relatives from the east!"—Harper's Bazar.

That Accounts For It.

"How old is this wine, landlord?"

"That bottle has been lying eight years in our cellar."

"Indeed! Then isn't it rather surprising that the bottle is only three parts full, and there's actually a fly swimming on the top?"

"You see, sir, the beast has been drinking the rest all this while."—Zeitgeist.

A Benefactor of Bar Harbor.

The mother of A. Hardy, the novelist, was one of the first cottagers at Bar Harbor. To her belongs the honor of introducing the aborigines there to the mysteries of "raised" bread. Before her advent they had depended throughout all their previous lives on soda biscuit made fresh three times a day.

Putting It Gently.

"No, marquis, I would be unable to make you happy."

"Vy weel you always perseest to underestimate yourself?"

"Well, you see, I've been brought up to forget that I'm a millionaire's only daughter."—Life.

If you can afford to be annoyed by sick headache and constipation, don't use De Witt's Little Early Risers for they will cure them. L. B. BEAN.

"Dont's" for the Summer Girl.

[CHICAGO RECORD.]

Here are some don't for the summer girl:

Don't wear white shoes. The public is not accustomed to them yet, and it's very embarrassing to have everybody take a mental measurement of your feet.

Don't say "I've seen 10,000,000 sailor hats and 20,000,000 blue Eton suits." That statement died of old age last month.

Don't, when you visit the Fair, take a trunkful of winter wraps with you. It is better to freeze to death in the evening, or even to catch a fine assortment of colds than to lose your best young man by making a picnic carry-all of him.

Don't be uncharitable. If a girl's waist is soiled across the back that is no reason why you should jump at conclusions. The backs of the cable-car seats are often dusty.

Don't think that a girl holds to her hat for the sole purpose of displaying the pretty curves of her arm and shoulder. Sometimes she really loses her hat-pin.

Don't propose wheeling another girl in one of the World's Fair rolling-chairs. You can not imagine how many pedestrians, camp-chairs, lamp-posts and Hygea-water stands you can run down until you try it with a roll-chair.

Don't be angry and say things at the waiters when you have to wait an hour or two for your luncheon in the down-town restaurants. Remember there are strangers within the city's gates, and that the foreign guests are dividing their administration almost equally between the World's Fair and the sailor-hatted, shirt-waisted and altogether charming American girl. So don't let them catch you in a temper.

SEASONABLE.

Mesquitoes now come round,
Their tunes begin to play,
And everywhere they're found
At work from day to day.
They come but to increase
The sum of human ills.
They rob us of all peace
When bringing in their bills.
—Mount Vernon News.

Put to the Test.

Ruin had overtaken him.

Crushed and humiliated he stood before the woman he loved and awaited his fate.

"Speak," he groaned; "I am prepared for the worst."

Moving swiftly across the room, she laid her hand tenderly upon his shoulder. His being thrilled with renewed courage.

"Then you have trust in me?" he eagerly exclaimed.

She smiled.

"Can you doubt me?" she asked in sweet reproach. "When you came to me and told me you had caught 47 brook trout, each of a weight of one pound and upward, I believed you. Why, then, should you question me now?"

Supported by her love he laughed the world to scorn.—Detroit Tribune.

What a Sweet Mummy!

When Fred Funston went on the Death valley expedition two or three years ago, two of his university girl friends were talking about him. "Where and what is Death valley?" queried one. "Why, it is away out west in the mountains, and is a horrid hot place where people just wither up into mummies," was the reply. "How perfectly awful!" responded her friend. And then, with a tone of enthusiasm in her voice, she added, "But what a dear, sweet little mummy Fred would make!"—Iola Register.

An Abrupt Ending.

Guide—In this castle, gentlemen, lived the Knight Dagobert and his beautiful wife. The knight's prowess was well——

Tourists—Oh, do spare us a long winded story. Tell us the conclusion, and that will be enough.

Guide—All right. Here is the conclusion: And now, gentlemen, as I have told you such a thrilling tale, I hope you will give me a trifle with which to drink your health.—Tit-Bits.

What It Was.

Gwendolen, another Boston maiden of 7 who has never been on a farm in her life, has gone at last this summer to visit some country relatives.

The other day while she and the family were at dinner a pet lamb approached the open door and baa-ed loudly and repeatedly.

"Mamma," exclaimed Gwendolen, "who's that hollering 'rags, rags,' out there?"—Boston Transcript.

A Serious Undertaking.

Chappie—I was vewy gweatly impwessed by Doctah Plausible's sermon on Sunday, when he spoke of the necessity of having a sewious object in life. And I'm going to do it too.

Chollie—Going to turn missionary, deah boy?

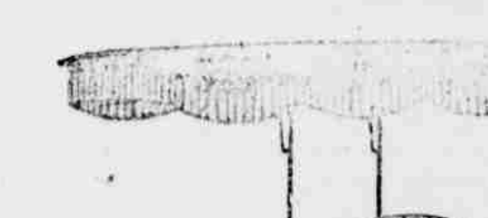
Chappie—Hardly, but I've made up my mind to tool a dwag.—Truth.

No Confidence.

"Yonah teeth twubbling you again, Weggie, deah boy? Why don't you go to youah wegular dentist then?"

"Because, deah chappie, I learned today that he doesn't even fill his own teeth, and a fellah who hasn't that much confidence in himself I'm afwaid to twust, don't you see?"—Brooklyn Life.

"Making Hay While the Son Shines."



—Life.

Deceitful.

Dodd—You can't always judge a man by his looks. For instance, take Whiskerly.

Todd—He's shabby enough.

Dodd—I know it. But I succeeded in borrowing $5 from him yesterday.—Clothier and Furnisher.

At the Seaside.

Mr. Shabby Genteel—I desire to put up at this hotel.

Clerk—Have you any baggage?

Mr. Shabby Genteel—No, sir.

Clerk—In that case the first thing you put up will be $10 in advance.—Texas Siftings.

Much Better.

"How do you like your new lady help, Mrs. Todgers?"

"I should like her a good deal more, Mrs. Bodgers, if she was a little less the lady and a little more of a help."—Tit-Bits.

More Money.

[HARPER'S WEEKLY.]

One of the sages of the People's Party in Kansas some time ago delivered himself at a public meeting as follows: "If all the money that is in the banks were in the pockets of the people, the country would be better off." This good man was evidently unaware of the fact that the money which is in the banks does not belong to the banks, but to people who deposited it there, and draw it out again when they please: that, meanwhile, this money is lent out by the banks to people who can give sufficient security: and that, when so lent out, it circulates among the people in the channels of business, and is, therefore, virtually in the pockets of the people. The sage had probably applied to a bank for a loan without offering sufficient security, and the loan being refused, he concluded that the money in the banks was maliciously withheld from the people. What he really meant to say was, that if the money which was in other people's pockets were in his, he would be better off. Of which there is no doubt. But this sage and his disciples will have to consider that there are but two honest ways of getting money—to sell something for it, or to borrow it. So long as you have things to sell that other people want, such as corn, or dry goods, or your labor, you can always get money in exchange for them. If you have things of value to pledge, which the lender of money considers sufficient security that he will get his money back, such as land, or wheat, or cotton, or good railroad bonds, you can borrow money. The recognition of this fact moved another Western stump-speaker, who had turned the matter over his mind wisely to remark: "What we people need is not more currency, but more collaterals"—a great truth.

Lane's medicines move the bowels every day. In order to be healthy this is necessary.

$100 for a Bottle.

Mrs. S. B. Winslip, 112 Washington St., Providence, R. I., after using one bottle of Drummond's Lightning Remedy for Rheumatism, wrote to the Drummond Medicine Co., 48-50 Maiden Lane, New York, saying she would not take One Hundred Dollars for the benefit derived. If you have any form of Rheumatism, and wish to get rid of it, write to the manufacturers for particulars. Agents wanted.

Ignorance of the merits of De Witt's Little Early Risers is a misfortune. These little pills regulate the liver, cure headache, dyspepsia, bad breath, constipation and billiousness.
L. B. BEAN.

Coughing leads to Consumption. Kemp's Balsam stops the cough at once

All the talk in the world will not convince you so quickly as one trial of De Witt's Witch Hazel Salve for scalds, burns, bruises, skin affection and piles. L. B. BEAN.

FITS.—All fits stopped free by Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. No fits after first day's use. Marvelous cures. Treatise and $2.00 trial bottle free to Fit cases. Send to Dr. Kline, 931 Arch St., Phila., Pa. For sale by all druggists; call on yours. 36 1y

One word describes it—"perfection." We refer to De Witt's Witch Hazel Salve, which cures obstinate sores, burns, skin diseases and is a well known cure for piles. L. B. BEAN.

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SCHEDULE IN EFFECT NOV. 1, 1891.

WEST BOUND.	No. 51, Daily.	No. 53, Daily.
Lv. Louisville	7:45 a. m.	6:25 p. m.
West Point	8:41 a. m.	7:20 p. m.
Brandenburg	9:17 a. m.	8:07 p. m.
Irvington	9:4 a. m.	8:37 p. m.
Stephensport	10:23 a. m.	9:21 p. m.
Cloverport	10:44 a. m.	9:46 p. m.
Hawesville	11:11 a. m.	10:10 p. m.
Lewisport	11:35 a. m.	10:34 p. m.
Owensboro	12:16 p. m.	11:11 p. m.
Spottsville	1:04 p. m.	11:55 p. m.
Ar. Henderson	1:25 p. m.	12:20 a. m.

EAST BOUND.	No. 52, Daily.	No. 54, Daily
Lv. Henderson	7:15 a. m.	3:15 p. m.
Spottsville	7:37 a. m.	3:37 p. m.
Owensboro	8:27 a. m.	4:25 p. m.
Lewisport	9:09 a. m.	5:05 p. m
Hawesville	9:33 a. m.	5:30 p. m
Cloverport	10:01 a. m.	5:57 p. m.
Stephensport	10:26 a. m.	6:19 p. m.
Irvington	11:02 a. m.	7:05 p. m.
Brandenburg	11:29 a. m.	7:31 p. m
West Point	12:05 p. m.	8:05 p. m.
Ar. Louisville	1:00 p. m.	9:05 p. m.

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